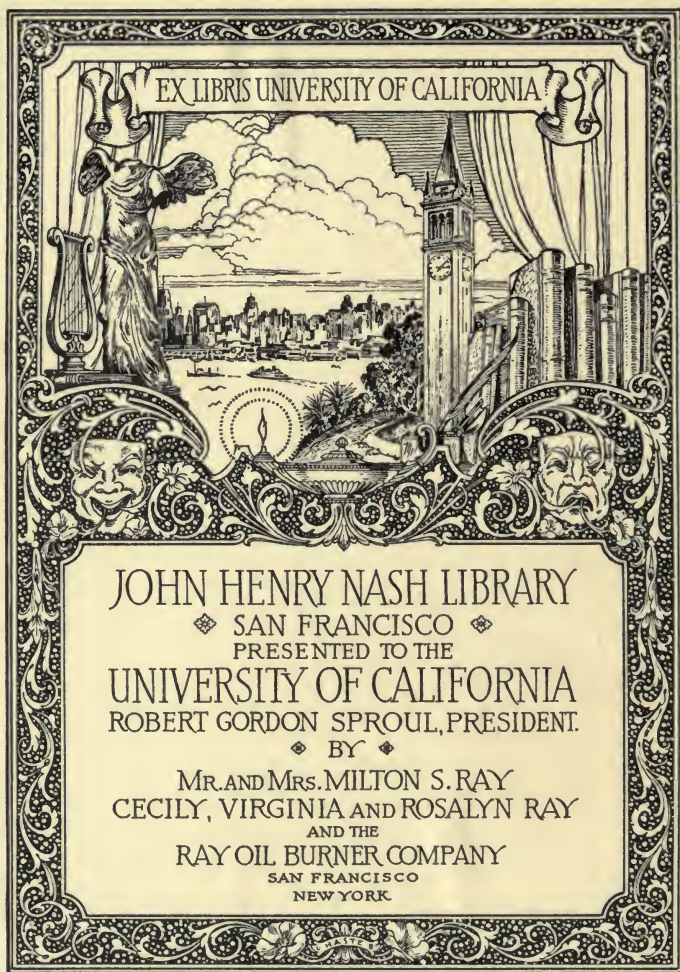




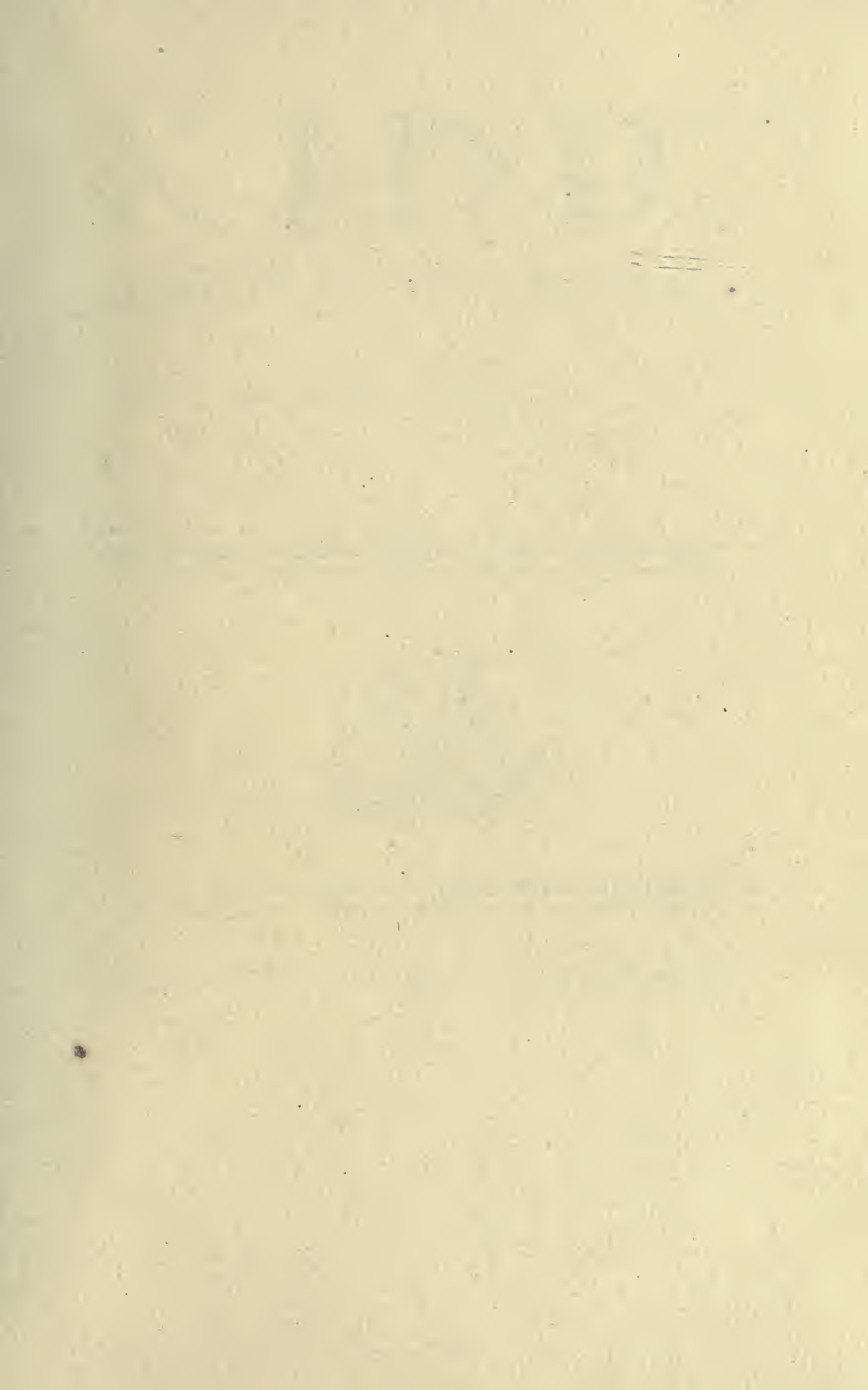
2239.2  
R82  
1922w





Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2007 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation









# K I D D:

## A MORAL OPUSCULE

The Verse [*sic*] by

Richard J.

Walsh

*Richard J. Walsh*

Illustrations [*sick*]

by George

Illian



---

NEW YORK: William Edwin Rudge

1922.

*Kidd*  
HIS SIGNATURE

SO this is Kidd!  
Observe the lid.  
Recall the evil things he did.







George Meier  
A.D.



He scuttled ships on trading trips.  
He toted knives on both his hips.  
He cursed [a crank]. He spat. He drank.  
He made the virtuous walk the plank,  
And took their gold to fill his hold,  
[At least, so I was always told].



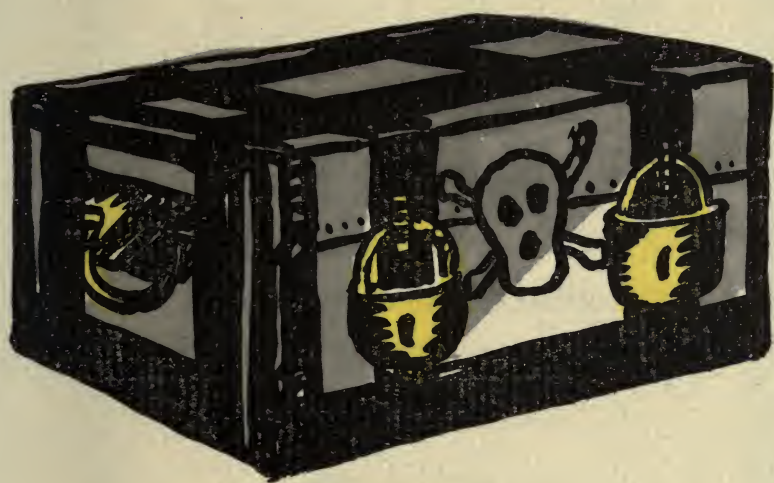




So we began to make this book—  
The artist being Georgie Illian—  
Depicting that historic crook  
In vicious green and dire vermillion.  
And George [who once was on a boat]  
Drew rakish hulls and chests of treasure,  
And scoundrels out to cut your throat,  
And sink your bark to suit their pleasure.











And then, in all the public prints,  
[Of every hue from red to yellow]  
I came upon the broadest hints  
That Kidd was just an honest fellow





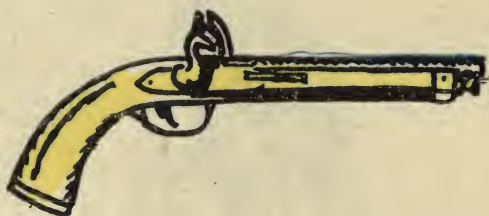


Who lived a life of piety,  
Devoid of sin and pirate folly,  
Aspiring by sobriety  
To win his—shall we call her Molly?  
Honored through all his native village,  
An honest sailor, poor but haughty,  
The last one to indulge in pillage,  
Nautical, but never naughty.









How then, you ask, has Kidd attained  
This reputation as a pirate?  
The fact is readily explained.  
When friends of his got really irate  
And cried "These pirates, if we let 'em,  
Will steal the ocean drop by drop,"  
Kidd volunteered to go and get 'em,  
And so became a pirate cop.







He chased them far, he chased them long,  
Till of their craft the seas were rid;



But History got the story wrong  
And wrote him down as "Pirate Kidd."





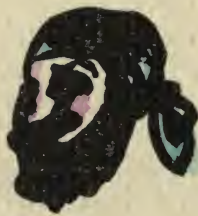


O lost romance! O faded glory!  
Tarnished our hero and diminished!  
Why did they have to spoil the story  
Just as we had the pictures finished?  
But then the printer, Billy Rudge,  
Exclaimed "I've bought the paper now,  
I'm not the one to bear a grudge,  
I'll print the pictures anyhow."









A picture-book without the text  
Is like a maid without a tongue,  
And so I sought [a little vexed]  
To find a message for the young—  
A tail to wag the artist's dog,  
A moral to adorn the tale;  
I hit upon this epilogue  
For every young, ambitious male:





## MORAL

To win a Bradstreet reputation  
'Tis not enough that you be pure,  
Avoid the very implication  
Of knowing any evil-doer.  
Seek not his mischief to undo,  
Nor separate him from his pelf,  
Or fame may mix him up with you,  
And you with him.  
Don't Kidd yourself.

## THE END





COLO PHONY  
NO TE



*Executed [hung up] at the Printing House of Billo Rudge,  
Mount Vernon, New York, during the Summer of 1922.  
The Press Gang assisting at the execution comprised the  
following notorious persons:*

*Richard J. Walsh, B.V.D.* (Doctor of Bad Verse)

*George Illian, D.U.D.* (Doctor of Underdone Design)

*Fred W. Goudy, T.D.* (Typothetic Designer)

*Bertha M. Goudy, C.E.* (Compositrice Extraordinaire)

*Bruce Rogers, L.O.M.* (Lay-out Man)

*Frank S. Goerke, L.U.M.* (Lock-up Man)

*Paul J. Peters, R.I.P.* (Reader of Incoherent Proof)

*Thomas C. Hughes, M.P.* (Master of the Press)

*Edith Diehl, B.B.* (Book Bindress)

*Frank Branca, P.S.* (Packer & Shipper)

*HIC ET NUNC*

(Especially Hic)





1 YP  
2239.7  
R82  
1922v



